

Valley Forge, 1777-8
Keep Our Boys Warm!
Buy War Savings Stamps!

The Acorn

Life, Liberty, and the
Pursuit of the Axis!
Bonds Buy Weapons!

"Big Oaks From Little Acorns Grow"

"The Child Is Father of the Man"

Vol. I

Worcester State Teachers College, Friday, March 5, 1943

No. 3

Mrs. Averill Guest of Literary Club

Mrs. Lawrence A. Averill, charming and talented wife of Dr. Averill, favored the Literary Club and guests at their February meeting with the reading of her newly published play, "They Call Me a Witch", which appears in the book, *25 Plays for Children*. She also gave a report on the research work done for the Portland *Sunday Telegram* on Seba Smith and Elizabeth Oakes Smith, and presented an entertaining and original monologue, "When the Minutes Drag."

Mrs. Averill's play, "They Call Me a Witch", recaptured beautifully the atmosphere of old New England—the big kettle over the fireplace, the odor of drying herbs—the superstition—the charms—the primitiveness of court trials and justice. "Evil days are fallen upon Salem when respected women prove witches." The play is founded upon family history and facts which can be substantiated by the American Antiquarian Society. There was actually a witch in the Averill family! The genealogy of Dr. Averill's family shows that in 1636 in Ipswich, Sarah, wife of John Wildes, was hanged for being a witch. So an interesting skeleton gave birth to an interesting play.

Mrs. Averill, a prolific writer, began her career at the age of seven, when she won a prize for a short story. Then came years of experience writing articles on nature. Her marriage to a literary man was a deciding factor in her career. At "Ancestral Acres", summer home of the Averills, two typewriters placed back to back, set in motion ideas on psychology and poetry on one side and drama on the other.

Author of over fifty published plays and pageants, Mrs. Averill has had articles published on such varied subjects as antiques, nature, and music. For a number of years she wrote a column, "Ideas and Ideals", for the Worcester *Sunday Telegram*. She also writes feature articles for the Portland *Sunday Telegram*, the Worcester *Sunday Telegram*, and the *Christian Science Monitor*. Among the many clubs of which she is an active member are the New England Women's Press Association, the Boston Authors' Club, and the Penwomen's Club, of which she is the organizer. Unassuming and humble, Mrs. Averill is indeed an inspiration whose list of achievements speaks for itself!

ESTHER LIPNICK, '43

At the business meeting of the Literary Club, President Ruth Small named the following to the Program Committee: Betty Driscoll, Chairman, Isabelle Dunn, and Elizabeth Speckman. Refreshments for the tea which followed Mrs. Averill's talk

SERVICE FLAG



This is the service flag which signifies the pride of S.T.C. At present it has nine stars just as the service flag in the last war had nine stars. From the Peace Edition of the Worcester Telegram of 1919 which was kindly brought to our attention, we get the following statement about our flag of World War I: "While accepting its war record as a matter of course, the school does admit genuine pride in its beautiful service flag. Nine stars on the flag of an institution whose student registration is overwhelmingly feminine, is a matter to excite not only wonder, but admiration. And so the school feels."

And so we feel in 1943!

were served by the following: Peggy Horan, Chairman, Isabelle Dunn, Helen Grogan, and Betty Driscoll.

Becomes WAAC

The rostrum of WAAC's and WAVES boasts of a number of S.T.C. graduates. Add to this ever-growing list another of our girls. She is Mary Elizabeth Benedict, of Rutland, formerly of Holden, and a graduate of the class of '37. Miss Benedict taught mathematics in Storrs, Conn., Lexington, and Wellesley. She began her training in Fort Des Moines, Iowa, early in February.

Rita Galipeau, '42 Engaged

News comes of the engagement of Miss Rita E. Galipeau of last year's graduating class. She is engaged to be married to Pfc. Edmond J. Croteau, who is with Army Air Forces Signal Corps in Australia. Miss Galipeau trained for Army ordnance work at the University of Maine and is employed as a junior inspector in the ordnance department.

"It may make a difference to all eternity whether we do right or wrong today."

—James Freeman Clarke

MILITARY MUTTERINGS

By BARBARA STEWART, '44

"I have received countless cards and packages, and am seriously thinking of opening a drug store out here. I am sure that the rest of the boys join with me in hoping that the new organ will one day soon be playing—'Hail, Hail! The gang's all here.'"

BOB FOX

"I was never in a Medical Unit, but now I am chief clerk of the Preventive Division of the European Theater of Operations. There are seven officers and me (the clerk). That's why I was the Chief Clerk."

LEO CHARBONNEAU

"I'll stay away from the battle cry of 'Timber!' that the pre-Commandos use on the hockey field. I'm sure that I'm much safer here."

ED MCGEE

"He eats while he's not sleeping—he sleeps when not eating—for recreation he likes to dance and (censored). He sends his regards to the gang and he'd like to hear news about what's doing at S.T.C."

JOHN MELIA

"We are situated on a site in the residential section of Sault Ste. (Continued on Page 3)

What Can I Do?

What am I doing for the war effort? Laughing with Bob Hope over his antics in some army camp? Holding on to my sides as Bud Abbott and Lou Costello pull off some of their horse play? Singing "Praise de Lord and Pass the Ammunition"? Going to sleep kicking about the government's rationing of shoes? Am I living in a butterless-sugarless-Utopia? Am I forgetting there's something called a war going on—forgetting yawning graves in Poland swallowing hundreds of people murdered in cold blood; forgetting hungry Greeks; forgetting Chinese babies sold for a penny or two; forgetting the hand to hand fighting in the streets of Stalingrad and the bombed streets of London; forgetting the letter that an American father wrote to his son before his ship went down?

These are a few of the questions we might ask ourselves in a thoughtful moment. It is true that as a school we have stuck to our guns and continued with our studying, bought stamps and bonds, took courses in first aid. But have we done all we possibly could? Haven't we spent much time in an idealistic state of unconscious forgetfulness?

During the last war, the slogan of the school was "Help Win the War". Outstanding were the contributions of the school: \$3000 in money contributions. Disbursements were as follows: Red Cross drive, a \$100 Liberty Bond; Gen. Joffre fund for the children of France, \$18; Christmas remembrance for destitute children of France, Poland, Belgium, Armenia, and Halifax, \$120; War savings stamps campaign, \$1600; United war drive, \$800; adoption of two French orphans, \$73; Red Cross through Levana Club auxiliary, \$25. Much knitting and sewing was done by students and faculty. During the influenza epidemic, students busied themselves supplying clothing for the children sufferers who were housed in the Normal School dormitory!

President Carpenter in an address to the student body on February 9th, 1943, gave an excellent and sound bit of advice. He listed eight suggestions which each individual might do:

1. Write to service men.
2. Keep yourself well.
3. Be very alertly interested in world affairs.
4. Contribute to the Victory Book Campaign.
5. Purchase Stamps and Bonds.
6. Contribute warm clothing to Russians.
7. Donate blood plasma to blood bank.
8. Keep eyes and mind fixed on ultimate objectives. "We have a war to win; we also have a peace to win."

President Carpenter concluded with a quotation from Emerson: "The lesson of life is to learn what the years and the centuries say as against the days and the hours."

Le Cercle Francais

Monday, February 8th, the Cercle Francais opened its first meeting of the new semester with a feeling of sadness. Why? you may ask. The answer is the loss of its charming president, Maybelle Shaw. Maybelle, our petite Parisienne, shared with us during the last two years, in her inimitable French manner, her love and devotion to la belle France, her pride in its past, and her confidence in its future. We rejoice with her that, at last, light has appeared and seems to be spreading hope to our and her beloved Paris, city of lights, *ville de lumiere*, that the lights will soon go on there and "all over the world".

Miss Phyllis Lacouture, Vice-President, was elected to fill Maybelle's place and Mrs. Christine Flynn was elected to replace Paulina Shawmut, our former secretary. We are going to miss Paulina's lovely voice, and hope she will come back to sing again for us, *Connais-tu le pays from Mignon*. Miss Alma Marshall of the Freshman class was elected head of the Social Committee. Plans for future programs which include the presentation of scenes from *Les Precieuses Ridicules* (The Affected Ladies) will be announced later.

Jacob Franklin

Gets Commission

One of the first men to come to our college in 1940 when we became co-ed was Jacob Franklin. A graduate of N.Y.U., class of '39, Mr. Franklin came here to receive a teacher's training course and received his B.S. in Ed. in '41. Recently he graduated again, this time from O.C.S. in Miami Beach, Fla. At present Lt. Franklin is stationed in Grenada, Miss., a new camp which is in the process of being built. From there he writes in part:

"Buildings are also going up to house the WAAC's. We hope they bring many officers with them. But I suppose that when they arrive we'll be taking the Chattanooga ChooChoo out of here. The railroad runs through our front porch every night. But I don't hear it any more. (I almost let that go. Please don't show it to Miss O'Donnell.)"

"Would be very happy to see your paper."

Thanks, Lieutenant, we'll send you a copy!

"When I don't know whether to fight or not, I always fight."

—Nelson

THE ACORN

(Issued monthly by students of W. S. T. C.)

Esther Lipnick, '43	Editor-in-Chief
Christine Flynn, '43	Associate Editor
Ruth McCurn, '43	Literary Editor
Eleanor Looney, '44	Columnist
Barbara Cypher, '44	Columnist
Marion Harrington, '44	Club Editor
Betty Holm, '45	Art Editor
Virginia Sheehan, '45	Business Manager
Ruth Monahan, '43	Reporter
Barbara Stewart, '44	Reporter
Eleanor Kelliher, '45	Reporter
Ann Brady, '46	Reporter
Katharine Kane, '45	Reporter
Faculty Adviser, Miss Kathryn R. O'Donnell	

DEMOCRACY

In this year of Our Lord 1943, when the strongest academic and industrial accent is upon mathematics in every effort for victory, it is likely that in other spheres of life, the search for a common denominator, continues diligently. Is there a social common denominator as capable of blending people harmoniously in work and play as mathematics is of welding our war production program? Perhaps we can find nothing so precise as mathematics,—but we might try democracy.

Everyone knows about democracy! It is that marvelous thing we are fighting for. We know it is, for every speaker, every newspaper tells us so. But need we? As civilians, must we be militant about it? Is it a tangible thing? Hardly. . . . Rather a state of mind.

For democracy, like religion, is a self-motivated quality that arises after certain convictions have taken place in the mind and heart. The democratic man or woman is of the elect, because he has convinced himself that in respecting himself, in respecting others and their rights, and in sharing social fortunes, both good and bad, with his fellows, he is doing a divinely human thing. In short, he has put his own house in order.

Let us stop deceiving ourselves about the fact of democracy. Let us rather create it in our hearts, to the end that we may help others to create it sincerely in theirs. Then we may confidently look towards a living, vibrant, palpable democracy in the rising generation, upon whose shoulders will fall the bulk of reconstruction after Victory, 19—.

C. F.

Victory Book Campaign On!

President Carpenter has issued a call for contributions to the Victory Book Campaign. A box has been provided in the office for that purpose. But let's remember the Victory Book Slogan: "Send the book you don't want to give!"

In St. Joseph, Mo., the following two books were contributed:

Official Card Rules, 1923

Girls of Today, 1909

That reminds us of what Mr. Carpenter said, "The soldiers aren't interested in the Bobbsy Twins!"

Orchids

To Miss Kittredge for well-balanced menus, diversity of foods, and courteous service. . . . With rationing and the difficulty of obtaining good food at a reasonable price, we realize more than ever the splendid work that Miss Kittredge has done. Appreciation can be shown by following a suggestion which she has made: namely, remove soiled dishes from tables and bringing them to the front of the cafeteria where a table has been provided for that purpose. . . .

To those participating in the Stamp and Bond Drive on Feb. 11. Let's keep that spirit up. . . . To the faculty and students who have bought stamps and bonds. . . . To Miss White for recapturing the spirit of Lincoln when we most needed it. . . . To Miss McKelligett, Dr. Farnsworth, Mr. Osborne, and Mr. Jones for preparing the new courses of study for the Worcester Civilian Defense Corps. . . .

To Eli for the many rides he gave us. . . .

To Denyse Tasse for her excellent accompaniment for Mr. Robert Rissling, baritone, at the excellent Friday assembly on Feb. 12th . . . and to all the other school accompanists,

Marion Harrington, Marion McCann, and Ruth Tucker. . . .

To Miss Isabelle Sandstrom for her singing of "The Lilac Tree". . . .

To Dr. Winslow for his "souvenir" movie snapshots that are always so much fun. . . .

From the faculty to the students as a whole who have exhibited a fine spirit of hearty coöperation, stick-to-it-iveness, and optimism in these troublous times. . . .

WONDERMENT

BY ANNE MCAULIFFE, '43

Mother, what makes the birds stay up when they fly

And what makes my kite sail high?
When I try to fly as the swallows do
I only fall and get black and blue.

Why does my ball hit the ground
with a bound

And what makes the rain come
down?

But my soap bubbles float in the air
sky high

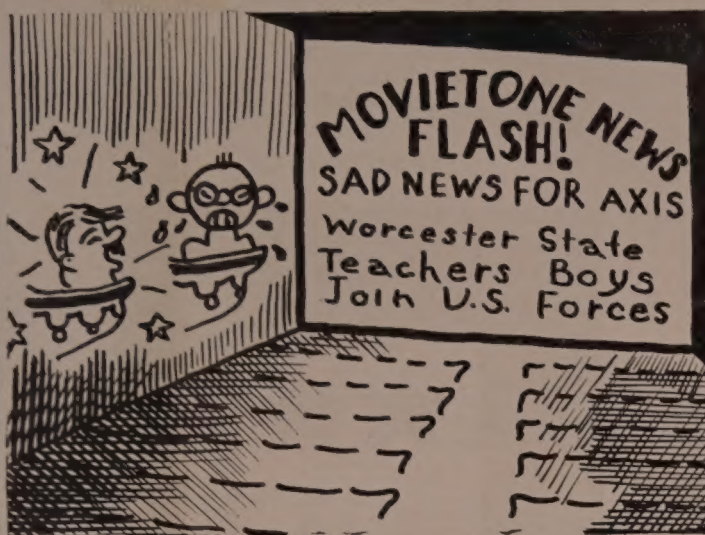
All of these don't act the same,
Mother, why?

"Our whole social life is in essence
but a long, slow striving for the vic-
tory of justice over force."

—John Galsworthy

SAD TROUBLES COME TO AXIS

B. HOLM, '45

An Interview With
Esther Forbes

BY MAUREEN COVE, '45

(Ed. note: Recently Miss White assigned her sophomore English class a research paper on some author. Maureen Cove chose Esther Forbes, author of the current best-seller, *Paul Revere and the World He Lived In*. The following are excerpts from her interview with the author):

Approaching the house, I had that sudden fearful feeling of attempting something a little too big for me. Perchance it was the size of the house itself, the hill on which it was situated, or even the winding snow-covered steps which led to it that held me in awe.

My fears were immediately allayed, however, when, before I had time to knock on the door, the door opened as if by magic and revealed the smiling face and extended hand of Miss Esther Forbes.

The first question put to Miss Forbes concerned the probability of any of her books being autobiographical. Her reply was two-fold. She told us definitely that she had never written a wholly autobiographical novel. But, as so often is the case with beginning novelists, her first book had as its heroine a girl whose station in life somewhat paralleled her own. At the time of the writing of this book, Miss Forbes worked in a publishing house. With this basic tie between herself and the heroine, Miss Forbes tried to imagine how she might have acted had she been in the same situation in 1850 rather than in 1920. In this way, then, her first novel was somewhat autobiographical.

The next question put to Miss Forbes was, "Do you write for yourself or for the public?"

"For myself," was the quick reply, immediately followed by "I suppose that sounds very selfish, but my reasons are two. If I were to write for the public, that is, write only those things which I felt the public would like, I would become self-conscious, and my work would eventually suffer. Don't you see? It's like being asked to tell a funny story. You search for the one that pleases the audience, and if it fails, where are you? My second reason for writing 'for myself' (and she italicized it as she said it) is that

writing is falling in love. You can't really choose it—it just happens."

"Is it true that oftentimes ideas come to you in the middle of the night?" I asked.

"Yes, those proverbial midnight ideas are common and fun. A sudden flash of insight into a particular problem at an unearthly hour is one of those things that makes writing so interesting."

As we put on our hats and coats, Miss Forbes took my copy of *Paul Revere and the World He Lived In* to autograph it for me, first asking, "Maureen, will you write your name on a piece of paper for me? I can misspell almost anything."

1780 1943
WORCESTER

CULTURE AS USUAL

BY CHRISTINE FLYNN

Worcester Art Museum—Motion Picture, "United Nations at War."

Mar. 6—South America.

Mar. 30—Australia

Musicales for Sunday afternoon:

Mar. 14—Mr. Bonnet, Organ.

Mar. 21—Mr. Bonnet, Organ.

Natural History Museum—Sunday afternoon lectures at four o'clock.

Mar. 7—Mrs. Dorothy Lowell Salter, "Kodachromes in Nature."

Mar. 14—Mrs. Louis J. Wood, "Covered Bridges in Vermont," illustrated.

Mar. 21—Dr. Erwin C. Miller, "Life, Habits, and Studies of Game Fish."

THE FORTUNE TELLER

BY CHRISTINE FLYNN, '43

Regrets

the gypsy said
are castanets.

Who wants them
in Life's Symphony?

"Rome endured as long as there were Romans; America will endure as long as we remain American in spirit and in thought."

—David Starr Jordan

"He is the happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his home."

—Goethe

"A more perfect race means a more soulful race, a more soulful race means a race having greater capacity for love."

—Ellen Key

SEEDLINGS . . .

The best part of school is now over—vacation—and did we have big plans? The freshmen and sophomores and seniors were going to take home big piles of books and do research . . . the juniors? . . . We're sorry, but any information revealed at this time might give aid and comfort to the enemy. . . . Besides we don't even know who the juniors are any more. . . . We have a permanent wave in our wrists from saying "Goodbye". . . . Even our Chauffeur pro-tem who filled the position left vacant by Charlie Farnum has been declared non-essential and marched away. . . . We'd like to be around the first time Eli tries to explain to the sergeant just where his error lies. . . . But all is not lost yet. . . . With the announcement of the departure of most of the Holy Cross student body comes the news that the Navy will take up residence in July. . . . We'd like to be present the day that the training ship is launched in Blackstone Harbor. . . . Not only that, but Tech is going to train Navy engineers. . . . And we are going home to read "The Approximate Distribution of Power Generated by the Diesel Engine" . . . (just in case). . . . Did you get your report? . . . we got ours. . . . Let no more be said. That is a closed chapter (because we forgot to open the books). . . . If we seem a bit morose it's just because we miss our Elementaries so much. . . . But they are out in the cruel world. . . . And we are concentrat-

ing upon our studies. . . . Now don't jump to conclusions; we didn't say what we were studying. . . . Valentine's Day brought its quota of flowers. . . . Orchids, no less. . . . Next week in assembly Mr. Fink will give a short talk on "How to Grow Orchids in the Back Yard" (complete with ribbons). . . . You've heard of publicity seekers, but did you hear about George Maloney wearing his little brother's hat to school because it didn't fit his ears so he could get them frostbitten and get his picture in the paper. . . . We can't trust anyone any more. . . . We'd love to tell you more about Grace Toombs' favorite pupil, or Phil Brady's war game which almost became the real thing, or describe Elsie Higgins' new school-teacher shoes, but we're in a dreadful hurry. For our physical education assignment we have to make exhaustive research into the play activities of one particular person and our subject is ringing the bell. In the scientific method, direct observation is the most valuable and, being of a scientific turn of mind, we are going to observe our subject's indoor recreations at close range. (This is one assignment which we will throw ourselves into.)

FLORA AND FAUNA

"No man is worth his salt who is not ready at all times to risk his body, to risk his well-being, to risk his life, in a great cause."

—T. Roosevelt

"Happiness grows at our own fire-sides, and is not picked in stranger's gardens."

—Douglas Jerrold

Military Mutterings

(Continued from Page 1)

Marie, so we are really 'hibrowing' it. It is a lot of fun to hand out an American dollar and get \$1.10 in exchange. Keep busy and keep sewing service stars on the flag until the school runs out of fellows."

PAUL EVANS

"Last night a mail sack hit little Dickie. Letters from Devens, Miami, Pawling, Fort Jay, and Pawling again. They were slightly late, but they had to see the country first."

DICK BOULAY

"c/o Men's Room

"Hi Boys (any left?),

"Get in the Navy—it's a great outfit! Up at 5:30. Classes 7:30 to 5:00. Stationed in Williamstown for three months."

CHARLIE FARNUM

"There's quite a change here from New England. In the morning the fog is dense and the sea sounds like a lion roaring into an open well. Food is swell, so is living quarters.

"No sweat—no sweet."

AL BARRIOS

"I was overjoyed to hear from all of you but alas, my correspondence exceeds my writing powers. Remember there are over 100 of you and only one of me. However, I love you all. You should see my haircut. (Deluxy.) I have no hair for three inches above my ears. And all I did was to say, 'Regulation cut, please.' My friends call it Kelley's C.C. (Comanche Coiffure). But as I always say—a soldier is not a thing of beauty. He is a fighting machine—a dirty, greasy, well-oiled, smooth-running engine of death."

FRED KELLEY

W. A. A. News

Plans are in progress for a basketball game to be played in our gymnasium on March 9, between S.T.C. and Clark girls.

Evelyn Logan has been chosen basketball manager. Outstanding forwards and guards who have proven their ability are the following: Forwards: Eleanor Spear, Regina Labenski, Margaret Scarry, Maureen Warner, Hester Hanley, Evelyn Logan, and June Gray. Guards: Jean Campbell, Isabelle Sandstrom, Agnes Abram, Frances Weatherbee, Yvette Ledoux, Janet Marsh, Denyse Tasse, Mary Connors, Ruth Connelly, and June Gray.

With the whole school divided into Blue and Gold teams, heated and exciting games have taken place in the gym on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons. The following are temporary managers:

Gold I—Virginia Sheahan.

Gold II—Katharine Kane.

Gold III—June Scott.

Gold IV—Matilda Runstein.

Blue I—Eleanor Looney.

Blue II—Elizabeth Speckman.

Blue III—Celestine Terroy.

Blue IV—Eleanor Moosey.

Yvette Ledoux and Agnes Abram have been elected captains of the Gold and Blue teams, respectively.

"Of all kinds of pride I hold national pride the most foolish, it ruined Greece, it ruined Judea and Rome."

—Herder

Geography Club Plans Meeting at Home of Dr. Shaw

The Geography Club is planning to hold its next meeting at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Shaw. Miss Florence Scarpaci, chairman of the program for the March meeting, is planning to have a showing of movies of a geographical nature. Assisting her are Rosemary Robert and Helen Brulinski. Miss Agrippina Macewicz will review the book, *America at War*, to which Dr. Shaw contributed the chapter, "United States Atlantic Defense".

FRESHMAN NOTES

The sport dance on Feb. 5th was a huge success. The gym was decorated with college banners and posters made by Freshmen. In the center of the floor was a huge pair of paper maché saddle shoes made by June Scott. In addition two open suitcases containing what the well-dressed coed wears shared honors with the saddles. At the end of the hall was a "coke" bar at which cold drinks were served.

The committee consisted of the entire class headed by Denyse Tasse, general chairman. The chaperones were as follows: Miss Agnes Scribner, Miss Lena A. West, Mr. Francis L. Jones, and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph W. Riordan. Music was furnished by the Cavaliers.

At the assembly conducted by Freshmen on Thursday, Feb. 18th, Miss Ruth Connelly entertained us with a piano program of modern selections and we entertained ourselves by singing the selections. We liked it. Let's have some more sometime soon. But in the meantime, let's learn the words!

SOPHOMORE SALLIES

Excitement reigned supreme in the sophomore class when Elias—the one and only Elias—announced that an official-looking envelope on the table in the hall awaited his eager (?) fingers. Yes, Elias has been drafted. He is to travel the dusty road to Devens on Feb. 18. However, all the best wishes of the school and especially those of the sophomores will follow him on his way until he returns once more to S.T.C. Another loss to our class is Judith Reardon, who has decided to enter the order of the Sisters of Mercy, and like her friend, Alice Slein, consecrate her life to God. We'll miss Judy very much, for her laughter and fun will never be forgotten, but we know she'll be happy and what more could we wish for her? Maybelle Shaw has left for further fields of conquest—Katy Gibbs in Boston is her next stopping place, and won't she make a nice secretary? We all laughed when Dr. Shaw asked Virginia Palmer if she were going to be next to join the convent. Now that Ed. Conan has been drafted, who can tell? This draft certainly hit S.T.C. via Holy Cross and I'm not kidding.—(Take it from one who knows.)

ELEANOR KELLIHER, '45

The Lispering Romeo

BY ELEANOR KELLIHER, '45

DEAR DANNY,

Well, this has been one hectic day for the Kelleys. Wild eyed, I stumbled out of bed at what seemed like the middle of the night to give dear old Dad my cuticle scissors to trim his moustache. If I hadn't, neighbors surely would have begun collection to buy him one. You'll know, Danny dear, why I said, "dear old Dad" when I finish telling you just how the old darling came through today.

As usual, the K's gathered before an array of bacon and eggs this morning; and Dad made the customary weekly pronouncement.

"Ah, Sunday morning breakfast is the best meal in the week!"

We had just reached the second round of toast when Sis leaned over in Dad's direction and said, "Popsey, where's the car polish? Yours truly is going to shine up Abigail."

At that, Dad dropped his fork and wide-eyed he retorted, "Well, I'll be darned!" Then, looking in a bewildered fashion around the room for the answer, he suddenly became enlightened and with that Irish twinkle in his eye turned toward Sis.

"I throppoth that thop ith coming here for dinner today. Say, pretty soon now I'll be charging him rent. He's just what Bud calls a 'fugitive from a water faucet'."

"Why, Dad, Charles is a Harvard man and already he makes twenty-

five dollars a week. And if he does lisp you don't have to make fun of him. Please, Dad, be nice to him."

"Pat," Dad said, "when you grow up, don't pick a lispering Romeo."

After breakfast, when we had begun the dishes and were swinging "Alice Blue Gown", the door bell pealed. Sis pushed Dad up the stairs and ran for the mirror. Mother went to meet Charles, and left me with the dishes.

Mother led Charles into the living room. When he was beginning to give his solution to the world's problems, Dad descended.

"Good morning, thir," Charles said. "Huh, what's good about it?" Dad replied, as he disappeared behind the Sunday paper.

"Thith ith nith Theptember weather," Charles began.

"Thought it rained yesterday," Pop grumbled.

"Oh—tho it did. But on the whole—"

At that, Sis retreated to the kitchen and begged me to help out. So, for the next hour I listened to the lispering Bachelor of Arts.

At one-thirty, Mother announced dinner and the drama was transferred to the dining room.

"Thith ith certainly nith Theptember weather, Mithuth Kelley."

"I thought this was the month for hurricanes," Pop retorted.

Mother, the peacemaker, smiled over the table and said, "Yes, September is a beautiful month."

Then Dad became, strangely enough, a bit more agreeable.

"How's your car working, Charles?" he said.

"Automobile, thir?" Charles re-

plied. "I'm thorry, thir, I don't own one."

"Why, Sis," Dad said, "I thought you told me that the fellow you went out with the other night had a new Buick."

At that the youthful Charles' face fell. Sis quickly remembered something in the kitchen, and Mother sweetly said, "This is a nice September morning."

When we had adjourned to the other room, Dad opened his cigar box and with a look in his eye that said, "I dare you to take one you ladies' man," offered one to Charles. Quite strangely enough, Charles accepted, to the open amazement of all. As the cigar produced its chemical action, Charles' face turned to a pallid hue and became expressionless. Hurrying to the door and murmuring a vague "Good day, thir," he disappeared from the Kelley horizon.

Of course, Sis was heart-broken. But Dad, as he always does, soon rid her of her blues by promising her that new evening wrap she wanted.

Well, Danny, I guess we Kelleys just were not made for Harvard men.

ELLIE

SENIOR NOTES

Now that midyears are over the Seniors can sit back, and with a contented sigh breathe, "Ah, me—just once more." They've come through seven times, and perhaps now instructors will go easy on them?? . . . Good to see the Senior Secondaries

back, especially glad to see them for one reason out of many. No more hurried Friday meetings. . . . Congrats to Aggie and Ann for making the *Purple Patcher* of Holy Cross. . . . That's two yearbooks they'll appear in. . . . Mary Gannon started something with her lisle stockings. . . . Is there one Senior who doesn't own a pair now? In case you want the latest pronunciation of the word just see Mary Fleming. . . . We can't keep it from you. . . . A woman came into the store where Mary works and asked her for a pair of lizly stockings! . . . Movie of the month *Reunion in France* left Mary Cunningham in a daze . . . we can see the reason. . . . Betty Link doesn't find her trip to school interesting any longer . . . her chauffeur is in Uncle Sam's barracks somewhere in Tenn. . . . Speaking of hardships, one Senior actually came to school the other day and dressed for an afternoon date . . . in this day and age! . . . Where she got the man is a military secret! . . . The *Oakleaf* may bring to mind the verdant green colors of spring, but to the Seniors it will denote gray hair and sleepless nights . . . all for the sake of memories.

RUTH MONAHAN, '43

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Bushong StudioClass Photographers
1939-1943**Debating Club Reorganizes**

Due to the departure of two of its officers for military service, the debating club has been forced to assign new duties to those remaining. Katherine Stafford, '43, Vice-President, will take over the position left vacant by President Elias Barsoum, '45. Katherine Kane, '43, will assume the office formerly held by Treasurer Alfred Barrios, '45. To replace Miss Kane as Secretary the club has elected Eleanor Moosey, '46. The program for the new term has not been definitely formulated, but announcements of debates will be made soon.

Eastern States Conference Has Been Canceled

The Eastern States Association's annual Spring Conference scheduled for March 25 and 26 has been canceled. The radio program scheduled for March 25, at 3:30 P.M. will take place as planned and will feature CBS artists. Concluding remarks will be made by Lyman Bryson, of national reputation.

Alcohol Explored

In a recent assembly Miss Scribner reviewed the book, *Alcohol Explored*, by Haggard and Jellinek. Some facts are interesting to note: The great popularity of alcohol is due more to its use as a condiment than as an intoxicant. There are forty million drinkers in this country and thirteen million are women! One

fourth of those killed in New York during the past year in automobile accidents showed the presence of alcohol.

Drinkers fall into the following four categories:

1. Normal excessive—those who drink for sociability.
2. Symptomatic drinkers—those who suffer from mental diseases.
3. Stupid drinkers—those who are feeble minded.
4. True addicts—those who drink because they are maladjusted.

It is conceded that the alcohol problem arises from the abuse of alcohol.

Newman Club Holds Discussion Period

At the February meeting of the Newman Club Miss Marion McCann led a discussion on religious questions and problems. Assisting her were Lois Crowe and Alice Connelly. The whole group participated, offering their views and opinions.

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JUNIOR NOTES

Alas, the Junior Class has its troubles, too. First it was Bob who left the office of President to become a Marine. Then it was John Melia who left the office of Secretary to become a doughboy. Now it's Claire Boyle who has left the office of Treasurer to become the wife of a soldier. So you see, new class officers, President, Secretary, and Treasurer, respectively, had to be elected again. At the last class meeting Mary Houlihan was elected to serve as Treasurer of the class. Congratulations, Mary—we know you've got what it takes. And please, Mary, one more favor—don't leave us.

Charlie Farnum is now an aviation cadet. His new address is:
U. S. Navy Flight Prep. School
Battalion No. 2, Platoon No. 2
Williamstown, Mass.
Remember, "if you don't write, you're wrong".

LETTER NEVER SENT

By V. S., '45

MY DEAREST JOHNNY,

It isn't easy to write a letter to someone you're much more accustomed to talking to. Letters are so inadequate as a means of expression. What can I say? Maybe a little rah-rah stuff? You know, They'll Be Blowin' Taps For the Japs For Here Come the Yanks with the Ahead-of-Schedule Tanks.

Please forgive me, Johnny. I'm miserable, that's why I am saying such bitter things. That's a side of me you have never seen before, isn't it? Right now I make a vow that you never shall again. I'll always be sweet and loving. Johnny, Johnny, my darling!

Please, dear, tear up this letter. I should stop writing—but somehow I can't. Suddenly I feel that I've got to say all the terrible things that have been growing in my mind since you left. Don't read them; they will only make you unhappy.

Johnny, you got a rotten deal. Every young, strong, carefree boy in the United States has gotten a rotten deal. Why are you forced to pay for the lack of foresight, the selfishness, and the greed of other generations? You are a human being, with human hopes and desires. It is your right to live your life freely, in the pursuit of those aspirations. How does anyone dare deny you the chance to justify your existence?

Do I love you? You are wondering how I could, and still talk like this. Is it love to see your face in every light and shadow, to hear your voice in every murmur of the wind? Is it love when I wish I were dead?

Yes, it must be that I love you, even in my bewildered state of mind. In my dreams I have seen you come back to me broken and useless and bitter. I have seen you shot down and your plane transformed into a blazing holocaust. I have seen you paralyzed and blinded; I have seen a machine gun rip off your legs and your arms; I have seen a hole torn across your face from temple to lips.

I have seen these things so clearly that they are like a prophecy. But

I know that I shall always love you, Johnny. I know that much.

But what little solace love alone is to a man! Johnny,—say this to yourself until you believe it; it's the only way to forget the futility of your sacrifice: "Nothing matters except myself. I'll get away from the smoke and fire of this fiendish war. I'll walk again through quiet forests and fish in peaceful streams. I'll climb to the top of a mountain where the clouds will shut out the sight of the seething earth below, and the wind will be cool in my face. I'll laugh and sing and dance!"

Oh, my own Johnny! You are so much stronger than I am. Show me where I lost my way.

It isn't true, Johnny, not a word of it. This is what I wish to tell you: The good of what you are doing, dear, will reach far beyond you and me. You are building a world of security and equality. Our children will thank you, and their children. History will crown you Patriot and Hero. Is that not all that really matters?

Goodbye, Johnny, with all my love and prayers.

Wishing

By ESTHER LIPNICK, '43

Would that I had Aladdin's lamp,
Or some such mystic power,
Would that I could clap my hands,
And recapture an elusive hour.

Then 'twould be June again,
And the roses, beautiful in bloom
And you the fairest of them all,
Devoid of melancholy gloom.

Life would be a rhapsody
Written in a joyous key,
The world a magic fairy land
With you smiling right at me.

THE LITTLE MORON

Like wildfire it's sweeping the country. A few years ago it was jigsaw puzzles, then came "knock, knock, who's there?", right on its heels came Confucius say, and today it's the little Moron jokes. Here are a few that we rather like.

Did you hear about the little Moron who cut his arms off so he could wear the sleeveless sweater his mother gave him?

Did you hear about the little Moron who was dying? He pulled a chair over so Rigor Mortis could sit in.

A woman stepped on a moron's foot in a crowded street car and apologized. He said to her, "That's all right, I walk on them myself."

How about the moron who brought a saw to the dentist to have the teeth fixed?

Then there was the moron who went to the window at a race track and said, "Give me a ticket on the winning horse."

One moron was reading a newspaper and another said to him, "What's the date today?"

"I don't know."

"Well, look at the date on the paper."

"That won't do any good. This is yesterday's paper."

Did you hear about the two morons listening to the radio? The

first moron said, "Tune the radio; you got two stations on there."

"That's all right," the second replied, "they're both good."

?

By AGNES ABRAM, '44

Upon the gently sloping hill
I used to love to go,
And walk amongst the pines so still
'Twas a peaceful spot, you know.

No longer do I wander there
Upon the hill, amongst the pines,
For in the now clear, chilling air
A lonely tree stands as a sign.

Alone it stands so staunch and true
Defying every mighty wind,
"You once my hardy comrades slew
And once did break my limb."

"Now they lay upon each other,
Torn and twisted, yet ever still
I their one protecting brother
Towering above them on this hill."

Trouble Shooter's Reverie

By PRIVATE FRED KELLEY,

U. S. Army Air Corps
As the setting sun is laid to rest
At the end of a blistering day,
The ebbing tide of light
Silhouettes the power lines, as if
To pay tribute to a more powerful being
That would give forth light and heat,
And would work tirelessly both day and night.

The vibrating wires are chafing
Like tethered animals against their
insulators;

As the poles stand steadfast where they are,
Like underfed beasts which have burdens to bear.

These wires have power the sun cannot equal.
The crackling god holds death, life, and labor
Within its Ozone folds.
Twenty thousand volts,
As slaves to do his bidding,
Go over the horizon to attend to a distant chore.

The hum of huge transformers,
Like a stately choir of monks,
Solemn in their death-like garb,
Teach these rushing volts to meditate and moderate
As they leave the winding coils
To go serve mankind.

Oh God! This that men call electricity
Has greater things in store,
More than the mind can comprehend.

And all of this, I control.
As Apollo led his team,
Or Vulcan his hissing forge,
I hold this within my hands . . .
To rule and drive it onward.

W. S. T. C.

(We're Saying On This Campus)
(From the Quarterly)

Nov. 1939:

Don't ever say that S.T.C. girls aren't always willing to oblige. In their will, made public in June, the Class of '39 bequeathed to Mr. Osborne a "classful of mathematicians instead of a handful." Sure enough, September brought him fifteen math

majors in the class of '42—more students majoring in math than ever before.

Jan. 1940:

We do not accuse her of being fickle, but we do not know what else to think after hearing Shirley Widerberg groan, "Burlingame! Chitwood! Adams! Oh, I never can keep my men straight!"

Nov. 1940:

One of our young co-eds was worrying, rather prematurely to be sure, about which of her two devoted admirers to invite to the Junior Prom.

"If I take one, the other will be offended," she wailed.

"Cheer up, darling," consoled her friend. "Maybe by that time both of them will be drafted."

Feb. 1941:

New England weather is changing. For the first time in years we have had no snow for Christmas. Who knows? Perhaps we shall no rain for May Day!

March 1941:

The threat of war makes the American position a common topic of discussion among the Juniors at the cafeteria tables during lunch hour. Betty Brigham's contribution to the conversation one day should end all such discussions. "War?" she exclaimed. "Good heavens, no. We haven't got time!"

May 1941:

After the Glee Club concert, six young ladies in full evening dress went out for ice-cream. Such an unescorted, formally dressed group

naturally roused considerable curiosity, but the girls gave no clue to the reason for their attire. Finally a curious young man could no longer contain himself, and, approaching the S.T.C. table, he asked the cause.

"We went to a dance stag," one of the group assured him seriously, "and there was no one to dance with, so we left." The inquirer surveyed the girls in amazement. "Why doesn't someone take me there?" he demanded.

June 1942:

And speaking of the number of engagements in the school, which makes a deep cut in the number of teachers available, a faculty member was startled to hear this one.

Said he, during a discussion of human values, "It isn't the money or position that has meaning. For instance, you can have all kinds of gorgeous diamond rings without having accomplished anything."

Replied Augusta Copper, "No, it's getting it on the right finger that counts!"

Afloat

By PRIVATE FRED KELLEY,
U. S. Air Corps

Have you ever sat by the shore and gazed at the billowing sails of a seaworthy vessel? If you have, then you may get the same longing and wanderlust that I do as I watch swinging booms and fluttering sheets. I think that a sailboat is infinitely more romantic than a power boat; the silent passing of sailing craft reminds me of the days when bronzed men clung from rigging and sang sea-chanteys.

Some time ago, I experienced my first voyage in a sailboat. It seemed to awaken within me some hidden trait that must be in my blood, for I took to sailing as easily as the proverbial duck to water. The singular beauty and silence of the journey made a deep impression on my innermost thoughts; I shall always remember that first day afloat.

As the prow cut cleanly and silently through the foamy deep, I felt as though I were flying through the clouds on huge white wings. Slowly the landscape slipped past; the trees were silhouetted against a background of gold, red and royal purple, as the sun sank on the horizon. The silver ripples slid over the dark green of the water, until they silently disappeared on the shore. Our wake bubbled merrily from the stern, so I could tell that we were making our way rapidly. As the wind picked up, the mains'l tightened and the waves began to break over the bow. I could feel the cool spray on my face, but it was not unpleasant for the day had been warm. Soon the inevitable darkness came; the boat became shrouded in a velvet cloak of night. Polaris, the north star, gleamed in the heavens as a beacon and we set our course by it. Then, as always after a warm day, the breeze slowly failed us and we were soon becalmed. The sails fell limp and all was still. The lake was without motion and looked like a huge black mirror speckled with the reflections of innumerable stars, planets. The faint glow of our running lights gave the mists rising from the slimy deep a weird hue; the croaking of the frogs in a nearby swamp also added a measure to the nocturnal melody. No other sound came from the lake; we were alone except for the flitting insects which darted past us on their nightly excursions in quest of food.

A slight motion of the boom gave evidence of the returning wind, so we then prepared to put about and return to port. The whisper of the wind increased and soon we were on our way.

On the return trip, the night wind seemed to become a huge slave, laboring under the strain of pushing us through the steaming water. In all too short a while, the wharf loomed up ahead of us and the splash of the anchor announced the end of our adventure. The sails like stubborn children, came down with protests and squeals, while everything else was made secure.

On reaching land, I looked back at the dark form of our moored craft, which was sleepily rocking to and fro like a tethered horse in its stall.

Since that time, I have sailed on many occasions, but that cruise seems to cling to my memory more than all of the others; indeed, I feel sorry for any person who has not had the opportunity to sail at least once during his lifetime. It is a great experience.

"—a nation that makes an unjust war is only a great gang."

—Franklin